

## Blangee Blee

Land of Talk

You pull it to the right and I bring  
it back to center  
I blame it on your pride and you blame it on my temper  
Standing on the skin of a cell, it was sickle  
For me it was over, the coroner, the cripple

We'd spend our lives making out middles  
Oh, to give so much got me so little  
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Oh, to give so much got me so little

For all that was said, I believe it wasn't spoken  
You sang it to the wall but the tune, it wasn't holding  
My guess it wasn't bound to the spine, to the spindle  
For all I lead you from, I'm the coroner, the cripple

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